Mons. 429

BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANT,

OVER THE FRENCH FLEET,

BY ADMIRAL LORD NELSON,

Off the Mouth of the Nile,

A POEM.

BY W. KING, JUN.

At my wild notes you Gallant Britons ſmile,
I ſing Victorious NELSON of the Nile.

"Such was the Thunder on the Egyptian Coaſt,
Britannia's Thunder wither'd all their Hoſt."

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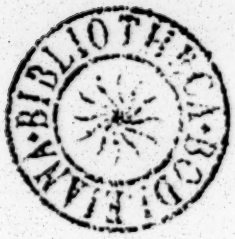
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FROM THE

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, *October*, 2, 1798.

THE Honourable Capt. Capel, of his Majeſty's ſloop Mutine, arrived this morning with diſpatches from Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelſon, K. B. to Evan Nepean, Eſq. Secretary of the Admiralty, of which the following are Copies.

Vanguard, Mouth of the Nile,
Auguſt 7, 1798.

SIR,

HEREWITH I have the honor to tranſmit you a Copy of my Letter to the Earl of St. Vincent, together with a Line of Battle of the Engliſh and French Squadrons; alſo a Liſt of Killed and Wounded. I have the pleaſure to inform you, that eight of our ſhips have already top-gallant yards across, and are ready for any ſervice; the others, with the prizes, will ſoon be ready for ſea. In an event of this importance, I have thought it right to ſend Capt. Capel with a copy of my letter (to the Commander in Chief) over land, which I hope their Lordſhips will approve; and beg leave to refer them to Capt. Capel, who is a moſt excellent Officer, and fully able to give every information; and I beg leave to recommend him to their Lordſhips notice.

I have the honor to be, &c,
HORATIO NELSON.

P. S. The Iſland I have taken poſſeſſion of, and brought off the two thirteen-inch mortars, all the braſs guns, and deſtroyed the iron ones.

Evan Nepean, Eſq.

Vanguard, Mouth of the Nile,
Auguſt 3, 1798.

MY LORD,

ALMIGHTY God has bleſſed his Majeſty's arms in the late battle, by a great Victory over the Fleet of the Enemy, whom I attacked at ſun-ſet on the 1ſt of Auguſt, off the Mouth of the Nile. The Enemy were moored in a ſtrong line of Battle for defending the entrance

entrance of the Bay (of Shoals), flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of Guns and mortars on an iſland in their van; but nothing could withſtand the ſquadron your Lordſhip did me the honour to place under my command. Their high ſtate of diſcipline is well known to you, and, with the judgment of the Captains, together with their valour and that of the Officers and men of every deſcription, it was abſolutely irreſiſtable.

Could any thing from my pen add to the characters of the Captains, I would write it with pleaſure, but that is impoſſible.

I have to regret the loſs of Capt. Weſtcott, of the Majeſtic, who was killed early in the action; but the ſhip was continued to be ſo well fought by her Firſt Lieutenant, Mr. Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her till your Lordſhip's pleaſure is known.

The ſhips of the enemy, all but their two rear ſhips, are nearly diſmaſted; and thoſe two, with two frigates, I am ſorry to ſay, made their eſcape; nor was it, I aſſure you, in my power to prevent them. Capt. Hood moſt handſomely endeavoured to do it, but I had no ſhip in a condition to ſupport the Zealous, and I was obliged to call her in.

The ſupport and aſſiſtance I have received from Capt. Berry cannot be ſufficiently expreſſed. I was wounded in the Head, and obliged to be carried off the Deck, but the ſervice ſuffered no loſs by that event. Capt. Berry was fully equal to the important ſervice then going on, and to him I muſt beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory. He will preſent you with the flag of the ſecond in command, that of the Commander in Chief being burnt in the L'Orient

Herewith I tranſmit you Liſts of the Killed and Wounded, and the Lines of Battle of ourſelves and the French.

I have the Honour to be, &c.

HORATIO NELSON.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent,
Commander in Chief, &c. off Cadiz.

LINE OF BATTLE.

1 *Culloden*, T. Troubridge, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
2 *Theſeus*, R. W. Miller, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
3 *Alexander*,

3 *Alexander*, Alex. J. Ball, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
4 *Vanguard*, Rear Admiral Sir Horatio Nelſon, K. B. Edward Berry Captain, 74 guns, 595 men
5 *Minotaur*, Thomas Louis, Captain, 74 guns, 640 men
6 *Leander*, T. B. Thompſon, Captain, 50 guns 343 men
7 *Swiftſure*, B. Hallowell, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
8 *Audacious*, Davidge Gould, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
9 *Defence* John Peyton, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
10 *Zealous*, Samuel Hood, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
11 *Orion*, Sir James Saumarez, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
12 *Goliath*, Tho. Foley, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
13 *Majeſtic*, Geo. B. Westcott, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
14 *Peſorphon*, Henry D. E. Darby, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men
La Mutine Brig.

HORATIO NELSON.

FRENCH LINE OF BATTLE:

1 *Le Guerrier*, 74 guns, 700 men.--Taken
2 *Le Conquerant*, 74 guns, 700 men.--Taken
3 *Le Spartiate*, 74 guns, 700 men.--Taken
4 *L'Aquilon*, 74 guns, 700 men.--Taken
5 *Le Souverain Peuple*, 74 guns, 700 men.--Taken
6 *Le Franklin*, Blanquet, Firſt Contre Amiral, 80 guns, 800 men.--Taken
7 *L'Orient*, Breueys, Admiral and Commander in Chief, 120 guns, 1010 men.--Burnt
8 *Le Tonant*, 80 guns, 800 men.--Taken
9 *L'Heureux*, 74 guns, 700 men.--Taken
10 *Le Timoleon*, 74 guns, 700 men.--Burnt
11 *Le Mercure*, 74 guns, 700 men.--Taken
12 *Le Guillaume Tell*, Villieneuve, Second Contre Amiral, 80 guns, 800 men.--Eſcaped
13 *Le Genereux*, 74 guns, 700 men.--Eſcaped
14 *Le Diane*, 48 guns, 300 men.--Eſcaped
15 *Le Juſtice*, 44 guns, 300 men.--Eſcaped
16 *L'Artemiſe*, 36 guns, 250 men.--Burnt
17 *Le Serieuſe*, 36 guns, 250 men.--Diſmaſted and ſunk.

HORATIO NELSON.

A Return of the Killed and Wounded in His Majesty's Ships under the Command of Sir Horatio Nelson, K. B. Rear Admiral of the Blue, in Action with the French, at Anchor, on the 1st of Aug. 1798, off the Mouth of the Nile.

Theseus.--5 Seamen, killed; 1 Officer, 24 Seamen, 5 Marines, wounded.--Total 35.

Alexander,--1 Officer, 13 Seamen, killed; 5 Officers, 48 Seamen, 5 Marines, wounded.--Total 72.

Vanguard, --3 Officers, 20 Seamen, 7 Marines, killed; 7 Officers, 60 Seamen, 8 Marines, wounded.--Total 105.

Minotaur.--2 Officers, 18 Seamen, 3 Marines, killed; 4 Officers, 54 Seamen, 6 Marines, wounded.--Total 87.

Swiftsure,--7 Seamen, killed; 1 Officer, 19 Seamen, 2 Marines, wounded.--Total 29.

Audacious. -- 1 Seaman killed; 2 Officers, 31 Seamen, 2 Marines, wounded.--Total 36.

Defence.- 3 Seamen, 1 Marine, killed; 9 Seamen, 2 Marines, wounded.--Total 15.

Zealous.-- 1 Seaman, killed; 7 Seamen, wounded.--Total. 8.

Orion.--1 Officer, 11 Seamen, 1 Marine, killed; 5 Officers, 18 Seamen, 6 Marines, wounded, -- Total 42.

Goliah. -- 2 Officers, 12 Seamen, 7 Marines, killed; 4 Officers, 28 Seamen, 9 Marines, wounded.-- Total 62.

Majestic.--3 Officers, 33 Seamen, 14 Marines killed; 3 Officers, 124 Seamen, 16 Marines, wounded. --Total 193.

Bellerophon.--4 Officers, 32 Seamen, 13 Marines, killed; 5 Officers, 126 Seamen, 17 Marines, wounded.--Total 197.

Leander.--14 Seamen, wounded.

Total-- 16 Officers, 156 Seamen, 46 Marines, killed. -- 37 Officers, 562 Seamen, 78 Marines, wounded.--Total 895.

TO

The Right Honourable

LADY NELSON.

MY LADY,

The enthuſiaſtic Joy which pervaded every Britiſh Breaſt on hearing the late Glorious Victory off the Nile, by the gallant Hero Lord NELSON, over the Enemies of all Religion, let it not be thought too preſuming or preſumptuous (Altho' its the production of a Peaſant,) in laying the following Ideas which

which occur'd to me on hearing the Glorious News, at your Ladyſhips feet, in humbly craving your Pardon, for the liberty here taken, (being an entire Stranger to your Ladyſhip,) in fixing on you as my Patroneſs. Being born of indigent Parents and thereby acquiring but a ſlender Education, I truſt will be a ſufficient apology for any imperfections which might occur to your Ladyſhip: not doubting but the Glorious Hero of Britannia Lord NELSON (like the Deity of the Univerſe) will behold with the ſame pleaſure, the applauſe of the Peaſant as that of the Prince, and may the Glorious Hero of his Country and your Ladyſhip

his

his other ſelf, enjoy every Bleſſing which this World can afford; And when it ſhall pleaſe the Almighty to take you from hence, may you dwell in the Manſions of Eternal Felicity, where Wars will ceaſe and Death will be no more.

Is the fervent Prayer of your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

William King Junr.

Donhead St. Andrew, October 7. 1798.

THE

PREFACE.

THE following Ideas occur'd to me on hearing the late Glorious Victory off the Nile, over the Enemies of God and Man; As every Peaſant and Swain were teſtifying their Gratitude by various ſentiments of Joy, I took this method of teſtifying mine, not with any intention of making it public, had it not been by the deſire of my Neighbours, who anxiouſly ſtood forward to ſubſcribe towards

its

its publication, thus was I in ſome degree obligated to oblige, and publiſh my crude tho' Loyal Ideas. If it anſwers this purpoſe, I ſhall think myſelf amply recompenſed for my trouble, namely, to inſpire the Peaſants Soul with a Heroic Love for his Country, perhaps it may appear preſumptuous in the liberty I have taken, but

A ruſtic Swain may view Great George our King.
And why not I Victorious NELSON Sing.

Britannia's

Britannia's Harangue to her Sons,

ON THE THREATENED INVASION;

By the boaſted Army of England,

PREVIOUS TO THE GLORIOUS BATTLE

Off the Nile.

TO Arms! to Arms ye Glorious Sons of War,
Hear th' dire Foe, now threaten from afar,
See Liberty, Fair Goddeſs droop her head,
She fears the Gallic Foe will on her tread;
The lucid Tear in her fair Eyes doth ſtand,
She calls to Arms the Heroes of this Land.
Hark! fair Britannia loudly now doth call,
To Arms, to Arms, ye Glorious Heroes all;
Fair Liberty, the darling of this Land,
Demands protection from her Britiſh Band:

Not

Not all the Frantic Foes of Tyrant France,
Can drive her hence, if you like Men advance.
Ye Swains! ye Heroes of Britannia's Iſle,
Where lovely Plenty doth propitious ſmile:
Be like your Sires, defend our Native Land,
Firm like the Rock on which Britannia Stand:
Firm with one Soul, one Hand and Heart unite,
Expel the Foe, defend your Country's Right.
Call to your Mind how God-like Alfred ſtood,
Alfred the Great! the Glorious and the Good!
He expel'd the Dane, the ruthleſs Danes of yore,
Who ſtain'd fair Albion with Britannia's gore;
Firm as the Adamantine Rock in Wars array,
His Britons ſtood! and chas'd the Foe away.
Their thirſty Swords dealt Death and Slaughter round,
And fill'd whole Squadrons on the Britiſh Ground.
Squadron on Squadron fell! in deep Diſmay,
While Britiſh Arrows gloomy made the Day!
As when fell Locuſts o'er th' Egyptian Land,
Thick as a Miſt, terrific made a Stand!

The Glorious Sun had juſt began to ſmile,
A Flood of Glory brighten'd o'er th' Nile.
But quick as Thought! the Wrath of Heav'n came,
Darken'd th' Sun and blaſted Pharaoh's Fame.
A Day much like when Glorious Alfred fought,
When he fair Freedom to Britannia brought.
Great was the Slaughter, terrible the Fight,
While thirſty Arrows turn'd the Day to Night.
Death join'd by Terror! led by black Diſmay!
Wither'd the Danes and made their Hoſt give way.
Th' invading Tyrants Bodies, Mountains made,
Such was the fate of Thieves who did invade.
The daſtard Wretch! who'd ſell his native Land,
Sell Fair Britannia to the Gallic Band!
Curſt be his Fate, he'll execrated be,
From Age to Age by all Poſterity.
Send him far hence, from off fair Britain's Iſle,
Where Peace and Plenty doth propitious ſmile:
From where ſweet Vales doth chearful laugh and ſing,
Which fertile Glory to Britannia bring.

The vernal Hills which fleecy Herds adorn,
Which court the Glory of the roſy Morn:
The waving Harveſt crown'd with Golden Grain,
Which fills with Joy the Soul of ev'ry Swain;
Let him not taſte, nor more thoſe Bleſſings ſee,
But pine away for Britiſh Liberty:
On ſome Barbarian Shore let him be toſt,
There wail in Grief the Liberty he loſt.

BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANT,

Off the Mouth of the Nile,

A POEM.

NO more proud Gallia, of thy proweſs boaſt,
Nor threat Britannia, with thy num'rous Hoſt:
T'invade our Coaſt, burn all our Towns with fire,
Our Wives to raviſh, while our Babes expire;
Since How, St. Vincent, Duncan, Nelſon brave,
Have hurl'd deſtruction o'er the briny wave,
For ſince this Orb receiv'd celeſtial light,
Or firſt was form'd by All-Creating might,
No Conqueſt greater can Old Neptune boaſt,
Than gallant NELSON'S off the Egyptian coaſt.

Britannia

Britannia was aſſiſted by that God,
Who ſhakes the whole Creation with a nod;
He fill'd the Britons Souls with vengeful Ire
To wrap in flames and burn the Gauls with fire!
Where Neptune's domain, Toulon's bulwarks greet,
The plund'ring Gauls forth vaunted with their Fleet,
A Fleet which did three hundred Sail contain,
With forty thouſand Tyrants on the Main:
For having laid in duſt the Auſtrian Hoſt,
And gorg'd the plunder of the Italian Coaſt,
Their meagre Land could not ſupply ſuch ſtore,
They plund'ring went to Pharaoh's fertile Shore:
That Land which once ſupply'd the choſen ſeed,
Where Wine and Oil and dainties did them feed.
Spontaneous Land! producing Grain and Oil,
Without the Ploughman or the lab'ring Flail!
Where ſpacious Nile diſplay with liberal hand,
His fertile bleſſing o'er the ſmiling land;
'Twas here luxurious Pharoah once did dwell,
In Pride and Vice, as Holy Writ doth tell,

Spontaneous Land, Store-houſe to Paleſtine,
Where Arts and Arms in Glory once did ſhine,
Thy Cities, Temples, Arts and Arms are o'er,
Thy Glory wither'd and thy Pride no more
'Twas here the Hydras of the Gallic power,
Pour'd forth their Locuſt in an evil hour:
Evil for them, for all their Glory's o'er,
And all their boaſted Conqueſt now no more.

Some adverſe Fate brave NELSON did reſtrain,
T'meet the Corſian on the wat'ry plain,
Or elſe the Hero of proud Gallia's fight
Would now have ſlumber'd in eternal night,
Nor would the Heroes of the Italian Land,
Have ſet a foot on Egypt's burning Sand.
And now their Fleet diſgorged of that Band,
Which threaten'd Vengeance to Britannia's Land,
Their gaudy Streamers, Gallia's pride did play,
And ſcorning Britons anchor'd in the Bay;

That

That Bay where Nile doth laviſh all his Store,
And where Brave Nelſon's Thundering Cannon roar.
In one firm phalanx, proud Gallia's Bulwarks lay,
In one firm Front, in terrible array!
And now ſecure, their Martial Muſic ſound,
While ſmiling Coffee to each Chief went round.
Project on Project plan'd us to deſtroy,
While Glorious NELSON flew into the Bay.
No Shoals, no Rocks, could daunt the Britiſh Fire,
For all obſtructions quickly did retire.
Now ev'ry Briton was himſelf a Hoſt!
They fought like Tigers on the Afric Coaſt;
For now Britannia's Heroes fill'd with Ire,
Pour'd forth whole Broadſides of deſtructive fire.
Bright Phœbus ſicken'd at the direful ſight!
Veil'd her fair Face, and left the Scene to Night!
Black Night agaſted in his ebon car!
View'd the inſulted Britons wage the war,
Soft dewey Eve, Nights Harbinger before,
Wept at the Slaughter and the dread uproar.

Nor

Nor did She now her cooling bleſſings ſtrew.
But in convulſions from the Battle flew.
And now with fury did the combat rage,
While dire deſtruction Albion's Heroes wage!
As when Veſuvius fill'd with vengeful ire,
Pours o'er the Welkin her volcanic Fire!
In her dire wrath, Inhabitants deſtroy!
And with a deluge, ſweep whole Towns away!
Such was the Vengeance, ſuch the Britiſh ire
Which burnt the Gauls, and made their Fleet expire!
Their blazing Ships illumin'd far around!
While Britiſh Thunder ſhook the Egyptian ground.
Now like a Lion on the Libyan Plain,
When in his wrath whole heaps of Foes hath ſlain,
He all collected view them in his rage,
Then with redoubl'd fury freſh engage,
Thus Britons fought! and thus collected lay,
'Till Phœbus roſe the Glory of the Day,
As Glorious Sol rode o'er the azure Sky,
Enrob'd in Glory in her Car on high,

View'd Gauls and Britons gaſp inconſtant breath,
Each fully bent on Victory or Death.
Now groans and Shrieks with loud lament and woe,
Shril Echo brought with ſpeed from Foe to Foe:
Extorted was each Viſage o'er with pain,
From deep and diſmal groans could not refrain.
Now Jove, the Eternal King of Golden Day,
Did all his Glorious Majeſty diſplay;
He now Celeſtial Ballances diſplay'd,
Now Gauls and Britons in each Scale he weigh'd;
Black Sin and Vice flew from his Glorious ſight,
Th' dreadful Fiends and Authors of the Fight;
Light as an Atom, fill'd with deep deſpair,
Their Scale upflew and threw them in the air.
For NELSON rouſed by Heroic rage,
With dreadful fury now the Gauls engage,
And now the Heaven, the Sea, and Earth did ſhake,
And Egypts tawny Sons for fear did quake!
As when Great Jove, the Ruler of the Skies
In his dire wrath! the wicked doth chaſtiſe,

Black

Black ebon Darkneſs o'er the Welkin roll,
And dreadful Thunder roar from Pole to Pole.
The Illumin'd Globe with liquid Fire did blaze,
Which threw the agaſted World into a maze!
Such was the Thunder of the Egyptian Coaſt,
Britannia's Thunder wither'd all their Hoſt!
Whole ſides of Veſſels flew into the Air,
And ev'ry breeze moan'd cries of deep deſpair.
Proud Gallia's Fleet, burnt, taken and deſtroy'd,
And Corſia's vaunted Hero quite diſmay'd.
Amazed Nile! the Britons bold admire,
His Coaſt illumin'd was with joyful Fire.
For full three nights they fed the blazing flame,
While Heav'ns blue vault reſounded NELSON'S fame.
Britons rejoice! and in Jehovah truſt,
Before whom, Fleets and Armies are as duſt,
Pray he may cauſe the direful Wars to ceaſe,
And give all Nations everlaſting Peace.

FINIS.

THE

ADIEU.

When that Day comes, as ſoon I know it muſt!
When this frail Body's mingled with its duſt,
And when I bid adieu to Mortal things,
To Swains and Heroes and Britannia's Kings,
May'ſt thou fair Britain! thou my Native Iſle,
In Peace and Plenty Fair, ſerenely Smile.
Nor War nor Diſcord more diſturb thy Breaſt,
But blooming flouriſh in Eternal Reſt.
May Sin and Vice Conſumptive die away,
And Man to God ſincere his Homage pay.

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Wilkins Rev. William Shaſton Dorſet

Y.

Yates William Wardour

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ERRATA.

Page 3, line 4, In Dedication, dely from.
Page 1, line 5, for How, read Howe.
Page 2, line 17, for diſplay, read diſplays.
Page 4, line 3, dele proud.
Page 4, line 17, for his, read her.
Page 4, line 19, for Nights, read her,
Page 5, line 6, 7, for her, read it's.
Page 5, line 20, for when, read who.
Page 5, line 21, for view, read views.
Page 6, line 5, for Extorted, read Diſtorted.
Page 7, line 3, for of, read on.